A NEW BALLAD,
OR, THE
True-Blew-Protestant Dissenter:
With their sad Lamentation for their late Loss in ALDERSGATE-STREET.

To the Tune of the *Down-fall* of *Anthony*.

WHEN *Jeroboams* Calves were rear'd,
And *Church* was neither lov'd nor fear'd:
When *Treason* had a fine new Name,
And *Pulpits* did like *Beacons flame*.
When sent by *Teacher* of the *Word*,
The *Rabble*, arm'd with Gun and Sword,
Did fight the Battels of the *Lord*.

Dissenter (now grown a great Rabby)
Was then in's Swadling-Clouts a Baby:
Dissenter, Son of *Presbyter*,
Who was undoubted Son and Heir
Of *Puritan*, who was the Son
Of *Calvin*; he was christned *John*,
And sign'd with hot Iron at *Noyon*.

From whence, as Sober men descant,
Knaves learn'd to burn *Board Protestant*,
That with a doleful sigh and groan,
Foretells the *Good Old Cause* must down;
And from this *Calvin John*, the great
Learn'd *Doctor* T. O. as some relate,
Found a way in at Boy's Back-gate.

Dissenter, Brat of *Presbyter*,
That Gospel-Comet, that Dog-Star,
Whose very Preaching slew more men
Than *Bonner* with Fire, Stake, and Chain.
He with wild Zeal, and Lungs like *Boreas*
Once fought and taught, and 'tis notorious!
Murther'd his King to make him glorious.

Dissenter in his *Tub* begins,
And bawls out loud, *Friends, leave your sins*:
But, rallying up his Saints in swarms,
He whispers, *Boys, Stand to your Arms*!
Stand to your Arms, by *Tory* rude
Our *Gods* can never be subdu'd;
Money, I mean, and *Multitude*.

Next, in a rage, and frantick fume
He bellow's out, Beware of *Rome*,
The *Pope* and *Arbitrary Power*,
Like Dragons fierce will us devour:
O Hellish, Popish *Plot!* down, down!
Then whispers; *Boys* (*let's not be known*)
We have contriv'd Plot *of our own*.

Dissenter, speaking words like these,
Doth give his Handkerchief a squeeze,
With pleasing twang then tunes his Prose,
Drawing *John Calvin* through his Nose.
He tells the *Sisters, if Plot take,*
The Righteous, as before, will make
The greatest in the Kingdom shake.

But (Oh alas!) who can foresee
The wild intrigues of Destiny?
In steps a Fatal Messenger
Acquaints the *Tubster, Noble Peer*
Absconds himself. The dire affright
Perplext the Audience; yet the *Knight*
O'th Tub bawl'd on with all his might.

Thou *little Mortal of three Names*,
Pilot of *Plots*, and Sire of *Shams*,
Thou Subteranean, secret *Spring*,
That mov'st all Engines 'gainst the *King*:
If thou forsake us, we dispair,
The *Tory Sheriffs*, and new *Mayor*
Will th' *Righteous* all to pieces tear.

Wo, wo be now to all our *Clubbs*,
And *Colonels* of *Plot-Meal-Tubs*!
Now *Salamanca* wo to thee,
And thy *illustrous Family*!
Wo unto thee thou stubborn *Whigg*,
Who whilom look'st so bold and big,
Thou wilt be taught another Jigg!

Goals, Dungeons, Racks (he knock'd his Breast,
Inspir'd as Prophet, and as Priest)
Ropes, Halters, Hatchets, Pillories
Present themselves before our Eyes:
Oh true blew Protestant *Rioters!*
Off goes your Heads, and eak our Ears;
The *Sisters* pour'd out floods of Tears.

Associate, mount, raise the rude *Rabble*,
Reform the Kingdom to a *Babel*,
Cry up false *Jelousies* and *Fears*:
Turn *Paring-shovels* into *Spears*!
Yet, *Brethren*, boast your Innocence,
Religion being your Pretence,
Torture the Text to any Sence.

And cry aloud, *We love the King*,
Though we intend not such a thing;
For our Designs do drive us rather
To serve him as we serv'd his *Father*;
Whom we (his Subjects good and true)
Made stand at's Gate to publick view,
In *White Cap*, and in *Wastcoat blew*.

Tubster concludes, and so will I,
Affirming that the Azure Skie
Will fall, and Larks find a hard tryal,
When *Dissenter* turns *Subject Loyal*.
Oblivion Acts change not his Case,
No *Clemency*, no Laws of *Grace*
Make white this *Ethiopians* Face.

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